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GRANDFATHER'S STORY

(J. M. Linenberger)

by

HELEN L. HALL

As translated by

LOUISE RYLKO

Copyright by Helen L. Hall, 1962

Rußland.

Die Deutschen am Karmann.

Ein Tageblatt von dem Jahre:
1870 bis 1880. -

Ein Kämpfer und einfluss-
reicher, von der Einwirkung
der Deutschen auf die Welt;
und davon die wunderbare
Chancen.

Wahl & Krieger Begünstigung,
von zwei kleinen Kriegen, wie
sie von der Kriegszeit in Deutschland,
entstand; und ein die ihre Ein-
wirkung auf die Welt.

Gefunden von Joseph W.
Lombardy
zu Harz, Kansas. 1902.

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Photostat of Title Page of Grandfather's Story.

The Department of Romance Languages and Literature of
The University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas, under the super-
vision of J. Neale Carman, microfilmed the original 629 pages
of Joseph M. Linenberger's

R U S S L A N D

DIE DEUTSCHEN AM KARMAN

Ein Steppebild von den Jahren

1770 bis 1780

on March 12, 1955, Project 28 Memo No. 6309.

INTRODUCTION

This story is a translation of a German manuscript written by Joseph M. Linenberger in the year 1902 in Herzog (now Victoria), Kansas. It is the story of a group of Germans migrating to Russia and their emigration to America. It is also a story about the author's ancestors.

Many of you that will read it will know its contents, but many more who could not read it as it was written can now enjoy it in English, in its entirety, and can love it as I have loved it.

The sole purpose of its translation was to enable my children and their descendants to read it and know their ancestors.

After several had read the translation, they suggested all who had Linenberger blood flowing in their veins should have a copy of it. Each and every one who has his name printed in this book is either directly or indirectly a part of this story. That is why it appears for the first time in print with the Linenberger Family Tree.

I as a granddaughter of the author have had great enjoyment in transcribing the story after the German words were translated to English.

I dedicate "Grandfather's Story" to all whose names appear in this book.

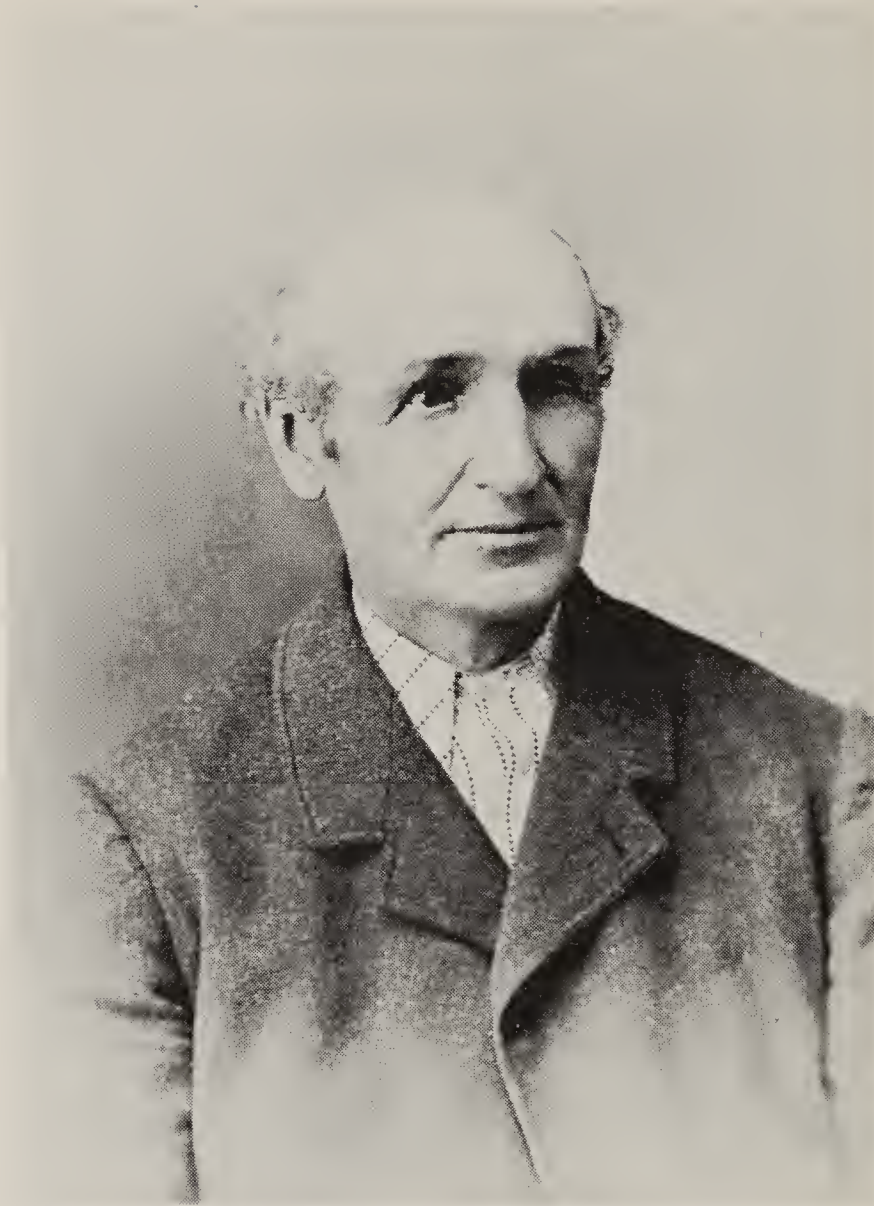
Helen L. Hall

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Joseph M. Linenberger

1838 — 1911

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joseph M. Linenberger was born November 22, 1838, the oldest son of the second marriage of Melchior Linenberger and Katherine Margaret Klipphahn. He was born in Herzog, Russia. He attended the schools of the times, but concerning his education it can be said of him that he was a self-made man. He read everything he could get his hands on. His handwriting was beautiful and legible.

On August 8, 1878, he left Herzog, Russia. With his family he came to America to settle in Herzog, Kansas. Here he farmed and raised a family. Besides farming he helped build many homes of the village and made furniture, some of which is still in use around Herzog.

On October 14, 1889, eleven years after coming to America, his second wife [Margaret Schamne] died. This left him with small children to raise. His youngest child was three years old, my father, Herman J. Linenberger.

He did not marry again. With the aid of his older daughters he took care of the youngest children. In the late 90's he built a house in Herzog, where he and two children, Eva and Herman, lived.

In 1902 he started writing this book. My father relates that he worked many hours at a time, writing tediously, in a small legible script, the story of his ancestors.

His sister, Barbara Linenberger, married to Peter Brungardt, stopped by many times and together they discussed the stories their parents had told them. This grandfather would set down on paper.

When the book was completed, it was bound in a leather jacket. It consisted of 629 pages, written with pen and ink. The book is remarkably well preserved after fifty-two years. Since my father lived with him when he wrote it, it became his possession.

In the late spring of 1910 grandfather made a first and last trip to Russia to see the family that was left. One of his half-sisters, Marie Eva, did not recognize him after thirty-two years. He enjoyed his trip to Russia, but he was happy to get back to America.

In appearance he was tall, robust. He enjoyed good health all his life. When he was young he lost an eye which was pierced by a pitch fork. This did not hinder him from reading, writing, or making a living for his family.

A fatal illness struck him on the eve of Ash Wednesday, 1911 (Fastennacht) and he lingered till after Easter. He died on April 19, 1911 at the age of seventy-two and a half years.

Had he not written this book, I would not have been so interested in him or his ancestors. Fifty-two years passed before any of his descendants translated the book.

Finding Louise Rylko, a native of Trostburg, Germany — Bavaria — was like grandfather pushing me gently toward her saying, "She is your answer."

Mrs. Louise Rylko lives in Hutchinson, Kansas. We met through mutual interests: our church and our children.

She began translating this book May 17, 1954 and finished July 2, 1954. She translated the German words into English. Then I transcribed them into the story grandfather had written. If it had not been for her, we would not have his story in English today.

RUSSIA

This is a short, plain story of the German immigration to Russia, and their immigration to America. Written by Joseph M. Linenberger, Herzog, Kansas, in the year 1902.

CHAPTER I

THE YEARS 1770 TO 1780

In this coming story, I will ask my readers to leave America for a short while and join me across the Atlantic ocean in Russia, in the so-called regal Volga country. There some old man or woman will remember the story of their German parents and grandparents and their experiences with the Kirghiz.

(For the reader's interest, the Kirghiz are wandering tribes of plainsmen. They live in Soviet Asia between the borders of eastern Europe and Western China, north of the Dyr Darya River. They are now citizens of the Soviet Union. But at the time of this story they were independent of the rule of Russia. The Russians gained possession of the Kirghiz region in the late 1800's. They treated the Kirghiz people badly, seizing their best lands and their herds of cattle.

These people live in felt tents and keep sheep, cattle, horses and other animals. Physically they are the best example of the Tartar type. They are short and have short legs. Their heads are round and large, and their noses long. They have dark hair and eyes and yellowish complexions. Their way of life has changed little in the last thousand years. World Book, page 4171.)

Catherine the Great, empress of Russia, ruled from

1762 to 1796. To her belonged the land from the Volga to the Ural Mountains.

It was good land, the soil excellent for wheat and other crops. It was ideal for farmers to settle, and that is just what she had in mind. She wanted immigrants to come to her land to settle and manage it.

She arranged feasts in different parts of Germany to get colonists for her country. She promised them the very best. After a lengthy publicity campaign she elicited the interest of many in her plan.

These were her promises:

1. Every immigrant and his family shall be free of military service for one hundred years.
2. Every family shall get a loan to pay for its passage to Russia and get settled.
3. Every colonist shall be free of taxes and any other fees for thirty years.

All of these promises sounded so good that many, enticed by them, gave up their own homes and beloved countries.

So the trip to Russia began. Since there were no trains, they took their belongings and families in wagons drawn by horses. Many weeks passed until they reached Saratov.

From Saratov they went east to the Karaman river, where the water was sweet and the land was rich. There were many trees and forests. These could be used for building houses and for fuel to heat their dwellings.

Many were heartbroken, however, and homesick. They did not have anything, not even a roof over their heads. There was no time for tears, however. They got busy to build their homes, so they would be safe from the long, merciless winter.

The men sowed their grain crops and vegetables. The women worked side by side with the men.

This might be a good time to tell you what kind of houses they had: When the times were poor, as in the beginning, they built them of sod. Later, when they were more prosperous, they built them of pine and home-made bricks.

In the following years they cultivated much land and raised cattle and sheep. In the ten years between 1770 and 1780 they became content with their new homes and country.

During this time six groups of German, Swiss and French immigrants arrived in Russia. They all had the same experiences.

They built six villages and called them: Rohleder, Graf, Herzog, Marienthal, Louis and Schasselwah (Caison or Kaisol). This last was an original French settlement. It was completely wiped out by the first attack of the Kirghiz.

The villages read from south to north: Schasselwah, Louis, [Lui and Loui], Marienthal, Herzog, Rohleder. Graf was across the Karaman river west of Herzog. Marienthal was ten versts (a verst is a short mile) from Louis. Schasselwah was seven versts from Louis. Marienthal was approximately fifty miles southeast of Saratov. It was on the Karaman river. In Louis the Menschetna river flows into the Karaman river.

This story is about three of these villages and their terrible experiences with the Kirghiz. The villages were Schasselwah, Louis, and Marienthal.

CHAPTER II

Years before the Germans came to Russia, this country was populated by different races of people. They were the Tartars, Kalmers from Sweden, and the Gypsies.

The Germans worked hard to cultivate the land. The

news of these people settling in the Volga country went deep into the Eastern Ural mountain country, where the Kirghiz lived.

The Kirghiz were eager to see these German people, their homes, their clothes, and their way of life. So a big group of them got together and started to visit these colonies. The first village they visited was Schasselwah.

It was not a friendly visit. It was the visit of enemies, of blood-thirsty murders and robberies. They came at a time when most of the men were busy in the fields. The women, children and few men that were in the village had the terrible experiences with the Kirghiz.

First they ate all their food and destroyed their homes. Then they took helpless children and threw them into the air and caught them with their spears. They did this to some of the women and men too. The young and pretty girls they kidnapped.

As soon as the Kirghiz were out of sight, those who remained came running to see about their families. But oh, what they had to witness was more than anybody could stand.

There were husbands crying over their wives, women crying over their husbands, children screaming for their parents, and parents crying over their children. There was much sorrow, and more homesickness than ever.

Since the village itself was completely annihilated, those who remained got together and as soon as the harvest was done, they packed all their belongings and went to the three nearest colonies to settle and try their luck.

They asked themselves why they had left Germany. The answers were always the same: They wanted their children safe from war, and they did not want military service.

The Kirghiz, packed with stolen goods, were happy on their way home. They sang and whistled, and seemed

proud of what they had done. The women and children they had kidnapped were crying and unhappy. They knew that they would not see their families again. There was nothing they could do but pray to God for strength.

The villages were approximately one hundred and seventy-five miles from the Ural River. Many days later they reached the Ural River.

The Kirghiz told everyone to get out of the wagons and off their horses and remove their clothes. Their clothes were tied to the saddles to keep them from getting wet. Then they forced them to swim the river. Many could not swim, but did the best they could.

When they reached the Kirghiz country there was a big celebration. The stolen goods were divided and distributed to all their families. The women and children were sold as slaves to the highest bidder.

I think it is the right time here to tell you these women were not lucky enough to see their families again, except one. How and in which way this woman came back I do not know, because my parents and grandparents could not give me the exact information. The contents of this latter part of Chapter II is attributed to her.

CHAPTER III

It was not long after the first attack, when a second and larger group of Kirghiz came to another village. This was Louis. They murdered, robbed and plundered like the first group, and left behind many wounded men, women, and children. There too, they took women for slaves.

Then they moved on to Marienthal. There they kidnapped little boys and young men. Those who remained had terrible hours.

It must have been very hard, especially for one family, because the Kirghiz kidnapped their only son. He, however, was one who came back after nearly eleven years of slavework. We have him to thank for this story.

This boy was none other but my father's father, my grandfather. He told this story to his children and grandchildren.

After the Kirghiz had attacked Louis, they went on to Marienthal. Toward evening [August 14, 1776] while settling for the night's rest they caught little Hanjoerg Linenberger. His story will appear in Chapter VIII.

The following morning they were joined by another group of Kirghiz, and then they attacked Marienthal.

This was the 15th day of August 1776, and a Catholic Holyday — Feast of the Assumption. The church bells were ringing to call the people to church.

Father Johannes, the priest, was saying the Mass. He felt very uneasy that morning, knowing something was very wrong. The people were restless too. They prayed for their loved ones who had been taken away from them.

One father and mother [Joseph Linenberger and wife] were heart-broken because they could not find their son, Hanjoerg [the writer's grandfather] who had disappeared the night before.

While the people were in church attending Mass, this group of Kirghiz came to the village, found no one on the streets or in their homes, so they went to the church.

Entering the church, they used long whips to drive the people out of church. They ran out trying to find hiding places. Father Johannes left the altar to go to the sacristy, but he was caught and taken prisoner.

I cannot tell you all the things the Kirghiz did to these people, but I can say this much. It was more cruel

than ever. Perhaps more so, because many of the German men started to fight with the Kirghiz. In the next hours many men, women and children lost their lives, and many more were taken prisoners.

Deeply saddened by this grief they went to the church to find the priest and to hear his words of comfort. There was no sign of him, for he was gone. For hours they stayed in the church and prayed for strength to face the future. God heard their prayers and they got help.

After the attack on Schasselwah, the colonies sent a message to the court of Saratov for help and money. They also sent a message to St. Petersburg (Leningrad). Since there were no telephones or trains, it took some time before these messages reached their destination. In the meantime, the Kirghiz had more opportunity to come back and destroy more property and people.

The messages were received by the court, but it was not possible for them to help them, since they did not have enough soldiers to stop the Kirghiz. They sent the message on to Fort Volska, where Major Gogel and a troop of Russian soldiers lived. Volska was approximately sixty miles from Marienthal.

Major Gogel and about two hundred and fifty soldiers started on their way to the colonies as soon as they had their orders.

Meanwhile, a Lutheran pastor, by the name of Wernborner, from Katharinenstadt (Baronsk), and a group of German immigrants, numbering about two hundred, left the colonies for the Kirghiz country to bring back those who had been kidnapped.

They were not too far from home when they saw another horde of Kirghiz approaching.

Many of the men were afraid, so they ran to the

forests to hide. But not all of them got away. Many were caught, including the pastor.

These were tied up with ropes. The Kirghiz made camp for the night. The prisoners had a long, torturous night. They thought of what they had promised the people of the villages: to bring back those who had been taken to the Kirghiz country. Now there was nothing they could do.

The following morning the prisoners were questioned. The Kirghiz wanted to know in which direction the colonies were. The Germans told them an opposite direction.

But the ringing of the church bells could be heard many miles on this still morning, and their tone came from a direction other than what the Germans had told them. The Kirghiz knew that they had lied to them.

Because they thought the pastor was the leader of the Germans, he was the first to die. They cut out his tongue, then he was slowly cut to pieces. It was terrible to witness. Some of the others were cut to pieces too. Others were tied to horses and torn apart. This was done to all the prisoners, except one, and he was to show them the way to Marienthal. They promised him freedom if he would lead them to the village, and that is how we got this part of the story.

He was tied to a rope, then prodded to walk ahead of the group of Kirghiz to lead them to the village. They were close to the Karaman River, and the brush was thick. In some way he distracted the man who was holding the rope, and in a quick movement he was free. He jumped into the thick brush and hid along the river. They searched for him, but could not find him. The Kirghiz went on to the village to join the others that were already attacking it. The man stayed along the river all night.

Major Gogel's group had been in the saddle a few days, and they were tired, so they camped for the night. Four

soldiers stayed awake to guard the rest. The night was quiet, but they did not hear or see anything.

The next day was the 16th of August. Again they were on their way when they heard horses. They went up a big hill. There they saw a large group of Kirghiz leaving Marienthal after their raid on it the day before. They kept coming toward each other.

Major Gogel and his men were afraid, since the Kirghiz outnumbered them five times. But he was a brave man. He told his soldiers they should not run.

They put their wagons together so they formed a wall, and they went behind them to kill the first ones trying to break through.

The Kirghiz who was in command was the first one to try, and he was dead before the others got close. Major Gogel ran a spear through his heart.

The others got scared now that their leader was dead. They threw most of the stolen goods away and ran as fast as their horses could carry them.

The hill on which this battle took place was close to the Menschetna River, and since then it is called the "Kirghiz Hill".

Some of the Kirghiz did not get away and were kept prisoners. They were tied so they could not escape. The freed Germans were now on wagons returning to Marienthal. They sang, they were so happy.

The people of Marienthal were cleaning up after the raid, not knowing what was coming next. They were sad and desperate.

When the Major and his soldiers neared the village, the people could hear the singing, but could not see them. It came from the direction where the Kirghiz left not long before.

Believing they were returning to the village, they were in a panic. The women and children that were left went in hiding. Only the men stayed. The songs they heard could

not come from the Kirghiz for they were the familiar German church chorals.

When they heard a few pistol shots they knew these were not the Kirghiz, but help for them.

The women and children came out of hiding, and waited in the streets to see who their savior was.

When these people were reunited the joy was hard to describe. Many tears of happiness were shed, and many prayers of thanksgiving were said. They expressed their thanks to brave Major Gogel.

It was getting late and the soldiers built their night quarters. The Kirghiz prisoners were still tied and strongly guarded. They had not found time to discuss what they would do with them. That matter had to wait till morning.

The next morning was a busy one. Everyone was curious to see what the Major would do with the prisoners. He questioned them again and again, but they did not have anything to say.

Major Gogel learned that Father Johannes, and some of the women and children were still missing.

He felt sorry for these people, but with only two hundred and fifty men he knew he could not invade the Kirghiz country to return those few that might still be alive. He knew he must impress the prisoners of the Kirghiz country to make them afraid, so they would not attack these people again.

He ordered the soldiers to build a big fire. Then he took the oldest of them and had him thrown into the deadly flames.

Many of the people could not stand the crying and screaming of the man dying in the flames, so they went to their homes. The other prisoners showed great fear, thinking this would be their fate too. However, that was not what Major Gogel had in mind. The others were tied to horses and sent with guards to Saratov, where they were lawfully punished.

As soon as the prisoners were on their way, the Major

went to the village to check the number of times the Kirghiz had visited the villages, and how many were missing, killed or kidnapped. This information he took with him to Saratov.

A number of soldiers were sent to guard the Ural River. A fort was built where Russian soldiers and Cossacks established themselves to guard the Russian territory. This was on the Ural River, named Orenburg.

Here I want to mention that this was the last visit from the Kirghiz people.

For all this the people were very grateful. They were safe and in peace for many years. In the following years they became rich and prosperous.

They cultivated more land, they sowed more wheat, they raised more cattle, and they built nicer homes for their families. Their churches were bigger and more beautiful, and they built schools for their children. They had carpenters, teachers, doctors and priests. All their perseverance and hard labor had paid off.

Not only did the men work hard, but the women and children had many chores to do. They planted tobacco, and when it was ready to cut, they cleaned the leaves and made them ready for sale. They helped the men in the fields, milked the cows, cooked, washed, and sewed. They were up early in the morning, and worked late into the night.

Their main crop was wheat. In those days it was not easy to cut wheat. They did not have the equipment we have now — 1902. (Until the 19th century, methods of harvesting and threshing were very crude. For about 4,000 years, the sickle was the most common implement used in harvesting, until the scythe was invented. This is what the German-Russians used in the 100 years they were in Russia.)

Sunday was a day of rest, and a time to go to church to thank God for all his blessings. The priests that served them came from St. Petersburg, because a Jesuit Seminary

was there. But it was not long and the Seminary closed. After that, they had the Polish priests. Their language and personalities differed so greatly that they did not get along too well with the German-Russians. In spite of this, they had these priests for many years.

After many years passed, the government lent them money so they could build their own seminary. It furnished half, and the other half came from the people. In time they had their own priests and Bishop. (The seminary was located at Saratov. The Bishop's See city was Tiraspol also Tyraspol.)

(Before closing this chapter, let me say that during this time the Russians fought a war with France. These Germans did not fight in the war of 1812 at which time Napoleon marched a half a million men into Russia. They were defeated not only by the bitter Russian winter, but also by the stubborn courage of the Russian armies.

Many of Napoleon's men stayed in Russia, and married German girls. Grandfather's second wife, Margaret Schamne was a direct descendant of one of these French soldiers.)

CHAPTER IV

Meanwhile several generations had grown up. The years went by fast. Already one hundred years had passed since the first immigrants had come to Russia.

These people who lived now — 1870 — knew nothing of the terrible experiences of their grandparents and how they helped populate the Russian land. They knew only the stories they had heard from their grandparents. Now they lived in peace and plenty.

Catherine II had died in 1796, but those that followed in her footsteps kept the promises to the German immigrants.

Alexander II ruled Russia from 1855 to 1881. The one hundred years of freedom from military service were over.

The Russian government gave orders to all young men in these villages to join the army. This order was given in the year 1873, and every man from the ages of sixteen to forty-five had to obey this command.

Their freedom was gone!

However, the Russian government, knowing the sacrifices they had made through the last one hundred years, gave them another choice. The men who did not want to join the army could leave Russia with their families and belongings and go to some other country. This was stipulated: if they did not join the ranks of the military, they were to leave within ten years.

Shortly another order followed. All those who were willing to give ten percent of their belongings to the government could leave the country.

It was hard to decide what to do. No woman wanted to leave her husband. No mother wanted to leave her son. It was hard to give up one's home and land to go to a strange country. They wanted freedom and peace for themselves and their children. But where to go? In Germany there was no future. No country in Europe was safe from war.

November 22, 1874 was the day when the first German men left for military service. (Incidentally this was grandfather's thirty-sixth birthday).

This hastened them to make decisions. Many gave up their country and went to a strange land, so their children would be safe from wars and military service. What innumerable sacrifices were involved we can only imagine. They looked only to the future.

They heard about America from agents who told them about the wonderful land where no king or empress ruled, where hundreds of thousands of acres of virgin soil waited to be settled and cultivated.

(Nicholas Schamne was one of these explorers that came from Russia to America to learn of America so he

could tell these people about it. He was married to the author's sister, Katherine (Katya) Linenberger. He never brought his family to America. After a few years here he went back to Russia and died there.)

These German-Russian people were entranced by these reports, just as their forefathers had been entranced by Catherine the Great a hundred years before.

A large group prepared to leave for America.

Before that was possible, each one had to have a passport. It took many months to get these. Everyone had to pay his debts. Anyone with a criminal record could not obtain a passport. The circuit judge issued them.

It was late in the summer of 1875 when the first group left Russia. They reached Kansas that fall and stayed in Topeka over the winter.

This gave them time to find where they wanted to settle, what prices they wanted to pay for land. The men traveled through Kansas to seek the right place to live with their families.

The place selected for their future home was west of Topeka, called Victoria. This actually is over two hundred miles west, along the Union Pacific Trail.

There was nothing there but a railroad station and a little wooden house where a Scotchman by the name of George Philip lived, who sold food and clothing.

They built their homes one-half mile north of Victoria and called the village Herzog, like the one in Russia.

There was nothing but bare prairie as far as they could see. The spring was here and there was much to be done. The men cultivated the ground and sowed their crops.

The women helped build the houses, which were of sod. These consisted of two rooms, and could be built in one day. Yes, these people started just as their grandparents had done when they left Germany and went to Russia.

An acre of land could be bought for \$2.00 and they had ten years to pay for it.

CHAPTER V

Let us now go back to the man who brought the German-Russians to America. His name was Nicholaus Schamne. He came as far as Topeka where the people paid him for the trip. Then he left for Russia again, because he had his own family waiting for him there.

His wife and friends were happy to see him, asking him many questions about America. He told them what he believed: That in America they would have a chance for a good life and peace. Again a large group of families sold their belongings for a good price, then left for America.

Most of the second group were from Herzog (Susli — see map) where I was born. This was June, 1876. After four weeks they reached New York, and from there they went right to Kansas. They settled near Victoria too. It was a happy reunion with old friends and relatives. They stayed with them until they had built their own homes.

One thing they did not like in Kansas was the soil. It was dry, and not moist like in Russia. The year 1876 was extraordinarily dry, like the many others they found in the years to come. But they learned that they could grow the same wheat and vegetables as they grew in Russia.

The coming winter was mild, because they were used to the more severe winters in Russia. They worked outdoors all winter, and did not mind the weather.

The women had more time to themselves. They wrote letters to their friends in Russia, telling them how much they liked America; how cheap everything was; and how much easier it was to save money.

The news of how much they liked America went down to the south part of Russia. Many Russian families wanted to leave their country too, and make a new start some place in America.

The Brazilian government wanted to give land to these

people too, but these Germans did not know much about Brazil. They sent three men to learn about the climate and soil. Two months went by before a transport left for Brazil.

After many unpleasant weeks on the ship they reached Rio de Janeiro. There the government gave them jobs in the cities for a few months, so they could make money to start farming. It was very poor living there in those days, and they could not save enough to buy land. Many could not stand the climate. For farming the land was too dry. They saved their money. Some came back to Russia, while others went to North America.

(Christine Linenberger, grandfather's sister, married to Andrew Riedel, came to America in 1876. In 1889 they went to Brazil. They stayed two years, then came back to Ellis County in 1891. Shortly afterward she was killed by lightning.)

Those who came back to Russia were a burden to the government because they did not have money left to buy land and start over again. The government loaned them money and they bought the land from their friends who were leaving for America.

Meanwhile the Russian government became more strict. They charged more for passports. The people were checked more closely, and it took much longer to get passports.

CHAPTER VI

I was one of these who waited and waited for the great day of my life. It finally came the eighth day of August, 1878 — age 39 years — and my last day in Herzog, Russia. I will never forget the day as long as I live.

That morning we all went to church to confession, then to Holy Communion. After church services it was time to say goodbye to relatives and friends.

I do not know if one could call it a happy day or a sad day. We rode on packed wagons with our families from Herzog to Kosakenstadt. This was about fifty miles. There we loaded our belongings on a boat, and crossed the Volga River to Saratov. There we stayed overnight at a hotel.

The next day was Friday. The distance from the hotel to the station was about three versts, so we hired someone to take our children and baggage to the station. There we had our baggage and passports checked. Then we loaded our belongings on the train, and gathered our families to start the long journey across Russia and Poland and Germany. Our stay in Saratov was one day and one night.

The train trip was very interesting to me. It was all new to me. My life so far had been spent no place other than the villages.

Our next stop was Tambof, where we stayed only thirty minutes. The next city was Kusglow (or Kaszlof) where we all got off the train and stayed ten hours.

The babies and smaller children were very tired and cross, so I asked a policeman if the women could bed the children in the station until the arrival of the next train. Permission was granted. The children slept, while the women dozed and watched.

The men visited the taverns, drank beer and discussed their future.

After we were on our way again, we stopped at Karatchef, but did not get off the train. Our next stop was Orel, where we purchased new tickets, and laid over a few hours. This gave everyone time to get a good meal. I drank some very good beer here.

We stopped at Smolensk, the next city, where we stayed twenty minutes. We could see the beautiful apple orchards as we passed through. Then we went through Vitebsk, a big beautiful Polish city, then to Berlin. It was night when we went through Berlin, so I did not see much of this city.

Before going any further with my story, let me men-

tion that when we came to the German border the police checked the baggage, passports, and our money. We could change our money into German marks here. When all this was done we were on our way again. Like on the other two transports, we had our man who took care of everything. He was a smart man, and his name was Wilhelm Scheitweiler.

Our next stop was Dannenburg. We stayed overnight here at a Jewish hotel, where everyone was very nice to us.

The funniest thing happened to me there: I went to a restaurant for something to eat and drink, and there I saw a colored man for the first time. I could not believe my eyes. I did not realize then that I would see many more in my life.

Our next and final stop was Bremer, where we had to wait three days for our ship, the "Leipsig."

At the train at Bremer we were met by a man who had a wagon to which he had hitched very large dogs. His name was Huszeman. He loaded our children and baggage and took us to a hotel where we stayed three days.

We had many things to do here. First, we had to buy our boat tickets. Then the money we had left was changed into American dollars. Everything had to be weighed again, and many other details had to be attended to.

We had time to look over the big beautiful city. We visited some of the churches and other places of interest. All of this was very interesting, and I absorbed as much of it as I could. Here we were to receive our last Holy Communion in Europe.

Before we left for the ship the priest blessed us all and wished us good luck. We knew we needed it, for the next few weeks were not very pleasant.

When we were ready to get on the ship, many of our group got scared of the big water — the sea, and refused to go into the ship. After talking to them they realized they could not go back.

My family and I were the first to enter the "Leipsig." Soon afterwards we had our first dinner on it. We all en-

joyed a good meal. Then we heard a loud whistle. It was time to say goodbye to Germany.

(For the reader's interest, let me enumerate the family grandfather brought with him from Russia:

Andrew, born of his first wife, Katherine Younger. The following were from his second wife, Margaret Schamne: John, Mary, Peter, Joseph, Gertrude, Catherine. These were born in Herzog, Russia.

The following were born in Herzog, Kansas: Anna Mary (Ami), Eva, Herman Joseph — my father. Consult family tree for dates of births and deaths.)

CHAPTER VII

Our first day on the ship went by very quietly. We were close to the English coast, where our ship had to stop to load many boxes which were being shipped to America. We had time to go on land for a walk. After a few hours we heard the whistle and went back to our ship.

We were on our way now. There was dancing, and all kinds of games. We all enjoyed ourselves. I spent most of my time looking over the big sea.

About four days passed, when a storm blew up. The ship pitched and rolled and cracked. It seemed as if the boat was going to fall apart. Everyone was screaming.

I took my family and all our people down to the boat's chapel and prayed. There everybody seemed to be a lot safer. So the terrible night passed. The next day was not too bad, but many of us got seasick through the storm. I myself had to lie down for three days. From then on we had a very nice trip.

After the thirteenth day we could see land, shaped liked mountains. The following day we could see it clearly and it was New York.

Before we left the ship we had to be examined by doctors. We stayed one more night. The next morning we were ready to take our *first step on our new great country*.

We went to the railroad station to buy tickets to St. Louis. We arrived in St. Louis after many tiring hours. From St. Louis we went on to Kansas City. By this time we were all very hungry.

An old friend, Mr. A. Roedelheimer, to whom I had sent a telegram to meet us, was waiting for us at the station at Kansas City. It was good to see him again. He had come with the first transport. We had something to eat and drink in Kansas City. Then we were ready for the last stretch of our long journey.

We bought tickets to Victoria. The trip from Kansas City to Victoria did not seem so long, because we were all looking forward to seeing the little village and meet our friends again.

In all those weeks on the trains and boat we prayed a lot for God's help in our new country. I don't think I could count all the rosaries we said, there were so many.

The day we reached Victoria was September 15, 1878. Our friends were all waiting for us. It was nice seeing them so well and happy. After a good long talk we packed our belongings on wagons, which were already waiting, then began walking to Herzog. One of us led the rosary, and we all prayed while we walked the half mile to Herzog. We were all very tired from our long trip, especially the children.

In Herzog, my sister was waiting for us and had a good dinner ready. That seemed just what we needed — a good home-cooked meal. We had brandy to drink with this, which just hit the spot. Afterward, we talked many hours about our trip from Russia.

(This sister he speaks of is Barbara Linenberger, married to Peter Brungardt. They came to Herzog in 1876.)

My money was about all gone because I had helped out many others on our trip who had run short. There was not much left for me to do, but start working. I did anything I could do, just to make money for a new start. It took years to save up a little money to buy a piece of land and pay for it. I kept two jobs just to save money so we could be on our own again.

We were kept busy, for there was much to be done. We were content and happy. Sometimes the summers were very dry, and we lost most of what we had planted. Then again the next year we were lucky. I think that is just the way Kansas is, one year it rains, and the other it doesn't.

But as the years passed, some of us had more than some of the people who were born here. I think this was because we were born and raised for hard labor.

Besides our daily work to keep our families fed and clothed, we built a nice church and school.

The priests that served us here were the Capuchin Fathers from Herman, Pennsylvania.

The Sisters of St. Agnes from Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, taught our children. They came in August, 1879. (They are still teaching there today.)

We paid tuition to get our children taught by the Sisters. We gladly paid it, since they helped our children so much. Everyone of us had his own home and land. We could afford to do so.

With all these years gone by, since we first arrived, we were all doing well. Everyone is thankful to God for His wonderful protection.

This is the story of our German grandparents, of how they went to Russia, their experiences with the Kirghiz; then our own story, of how we came to America.

The next chapter will be the story of my grandfather, Hanjoerg Linenberger, who was kidnapped by the Kirghiz.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STORY OF HANJOERG LINENBERGER

I will tell you the story of my grandfather, who was stolen by the Kirghiz. His name was Hanjoerg — John-George — and an only son of Joseph Linenberger.

Hanjoerg Linenberger was the son of poor parents. His father, before he went to Russia lived in Koblenz, Germany. Later, in Marienthal, Russia, he owned a saloon where the old folks went to relax after a hard day's work.

As a youngster, Hanjoerg was very interested in what the old folks were telling in the saloon. Every time his mother was busy with her many duties, he listened to their many stories. His mother always knew where to look for him when she had small jobs for him to do.

So it was on this day, August 14, 1776 [1774 according to some historians] that she had sent him a short way out of the village to tend the pigs, till it was time for supper. He was there playing when suddenly he heard horses and people.

If you remember, it was the Kirghiz who had already plundered Louis, and now were on their way to Marienthal to attack it the next day. They were making camp for the night.

When Hanjoerg saw these people, his curiosity got the better of him. He wanted to see what it was all about. When he realized it was the Kirghiz he started running home. But the Kirghiz on their horses were faster than little Hanjoerg with his bare feet. They caught him with a lariat and pulled him to their horses. The boy struggled and begged to let him go, for he was terribly afraid.

He screamed, but that did not help, as anyone who had had experiences with these people knew. Hanjoerg was tied to a horse and forced to ride with them. They left him

in a thicket outside the village tied to a horse. There he was for the night, while his parents worried about his whereabouts.

Hanjoerg sobbed all night, hoping someone would find him. Finally he went to sleep. At the time of the kidnapping, Hanjoerg was nine years old — born 1767. You can imagine how lonely and afraid he was, suddenly taken from his parents.

In the eleven following years many things changed. Hanjoerg grew to manhood, and he missed many things he would have had at the home of his parents. All during this time he saw no churches, heard no prayers, and missed his parents very much.

The next day after the Kirghiz had raided Marienthal, they picked him up and put him in one of the wagons with some of the women and other boys they had taken from Marienthal.

The Kirghiz were singing when they left Marienthal. Now Hanjoerg knew that he was going farther away from his home and parents. He cried very hard. No one paid any attention to him. To them he was just another captive.

They came up on the hill where they saw many horses and soldiers coming toward them. It was none other than good Major Gogel with his men.

Since I have already told you about the Major's fight with the Kirghiz, and how he saved many women and much of the stolen goods, I will continue with my story.

It was not a lucky day for little Hanjoerg. He was destined to go along to the Kirghiz country and spend eleven long years there as a slave.

After what seemed many days of riding, they reached the Ural River. Here all the people were told to remove their clothes and swim across the river. Hanjoerg was very much afraid, so they tied him to a horse, and in this manner he reached the opposite shore. This ordeal nearly scared him to death, for the river was deep in many places.

Shortly they were in the homes of the Kirghiz people. Hanjoerg could see the difference in the way these people

Knowing how he felt, his master sold him to another man. Hanjoerg was nearly twenty years old now. The man that came for him was very influential, and Hanjoerg could see that he would be hard to please. They stayed one more night.

The following morning the mother came to wake him. For the first time she mentioned his father and mother. She told him how much they hated to lose him, and how much she would like to help him get back to his parents. She urged him to get away soon and not talk to anyone of this. She told him the directions by telling him about the stars and the moon.

After this talk he felt better. He thanked her.

They ate breakfast, then it was time to say goodbye. Everyone in the family was crying. The mother wished him "best of luck" and he knew what she meant.

When he bade his "sister" goodbye, he kissed her. She gave him a small hand-made bag to use on his saddle. This part of his life was at an end.

Hanjoerg and his new master rode all day before they reached their camp. The evening meal was waiting for them. So was the family, which consisted of the mother and two daughters.

The first thing the man told him when he introduced him to the family was: "You can have your choice of either of my girls. If you marry one, you get half of what I own."

Hanjoerg now realized that the sole purpose of his getting a new master was that this man wanted to marry off one of his daughters.

Hanjoerg's reputation as a dependable man had reached many camps.

One of the girls was very pretty. Both were very nice to him.

His days were spent just as they had been through

the years: watching sheep and cattle along the river. He sat on the same spot from morning till night, making important plans for his future.

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Each evening after the meal, the oldest girl would follow him around, talk to him, and tell him that she would marry him whenever he was ready. Hanjoerg liked her, but he did not encourage her. After a few weeks had gone by and he knew her better, he told her of his plan to go back to his people. She kept his confidence to herself.

Several months went by. Each day became more unbearable to Hanjoerg. He kept planning and waiting for the right day.

One day he was down by the river. He saw a man across the other side doing the same work he was doing. He watched him several days, then he talked to him. He learned that he too was a slave, stolen by the Kirghiz. This man was not a German, but a Tartar.

For the first time he had a friend who was in the same predicament. They found much to talk about, and the time went by fast. Each day they saw each other they talked of their homes and parents. Both had the same plan.

This Tartar had been married, the father of one child. He and his brother had been fishing along the Volga River one day, when they were surprised by the Kirghiz. His brother escaped, but he was taken to the Kirghiz country. He was just as eager to get back to his family as Hanjoerg.

Since this Tartar was much older than Hanjoerg, he promised to help him as much as he could. He spoke the Russian language, and he could write and read a little. Hanjoerg was totally illiterate. They decided to go together.

Finally the right night came. The camp in which Hanjoerg lived had company that night, and everyone was very drunk by midnight. The girl in whom he had placed confidence helped him. She packed enough food to last him several days, and selected the fastest horse in the camp.

Hanjoerg bade the girl goodbye, and rode out of camp to meet his friend on a small hill outside their camps. They

were on their way, hoping a few days would get them to the Ural River. They rode the rest of the night and most of the next day. By then they were very tired. They found a place to rest. Here they ate and slept a few hours.

As soon as night came they saddled their horses and went on. They did this the next two nights. They were afraid to ride in the daytime for fear of being followed. So far they had not seen anyone, and this made them happy.

But their happiness was short-lived. About two o'clock in the morning that next night they met a large group of Kirghiz on horseback. They chased them. Hanjoerg and his friend ran their horses fast, and escaped from the Kirghiz, but in their attempt to escape, he lost his friend. Hanjoerg was alone now, and he did not know where he was.

He knew it would do him no good to look for his friend. It was night, and more Kirghiz might be lurking in the shadows. So he rode on.

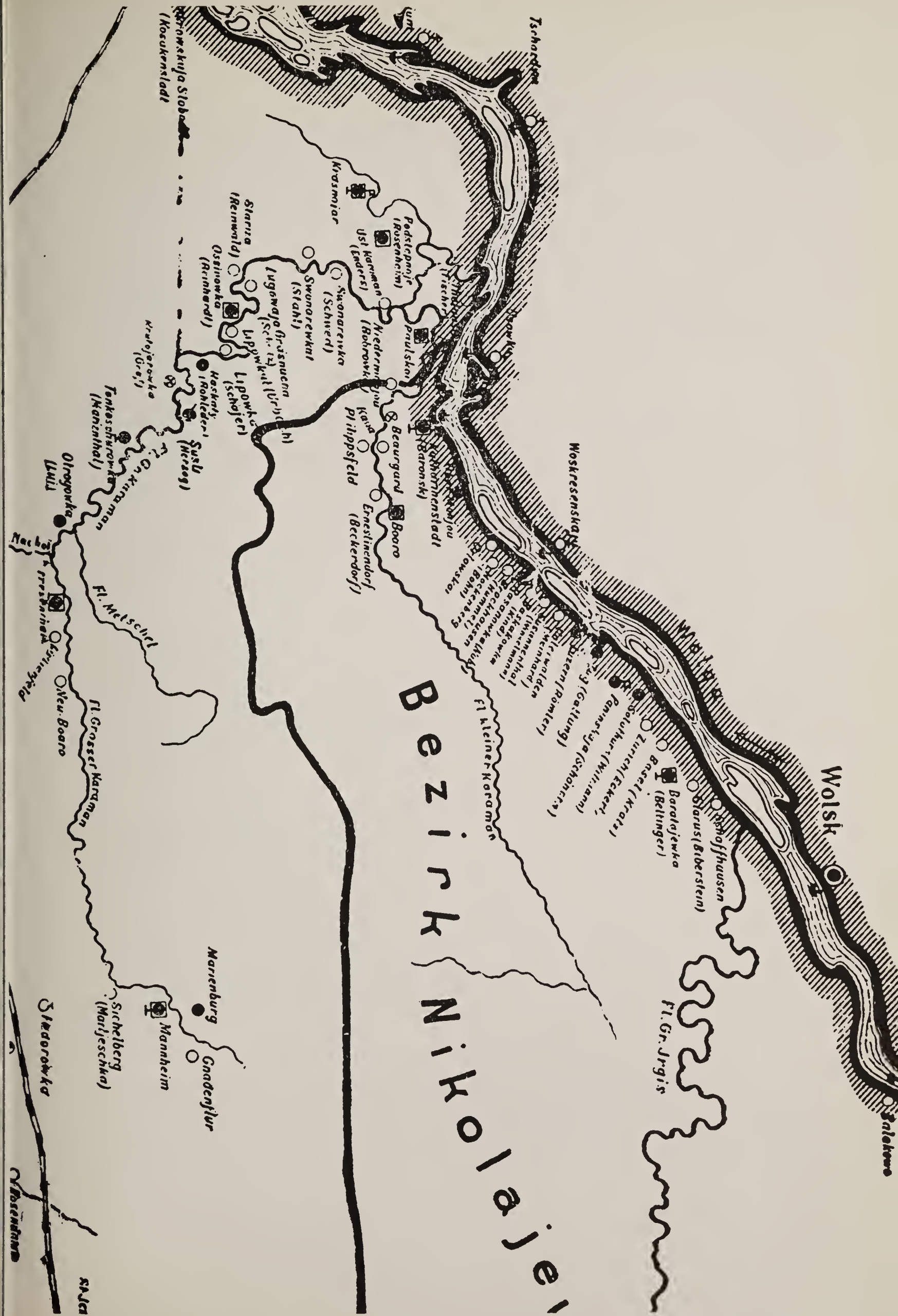
It was the next morning at daybreak when he saw a rider a distance ahead. As he came closer, he recognized his friend. They were happy to see each other, and talked of their good fortune in not having been taken prisoners.

They rested that whole day. The next few days were hard, for they had run out of food. Since neither had learned the use of a weapon they were helpless.

God must have been with them, however, for they reached the Ural River and the Russian land. A few hours later brought them to a village where they asked a man how to get home.

The Tartar spoke the Russian language, so he explained everything. At first they were looked upon with suspicion, since they were dressed like Kirghiz. After more talking, the Tartar convinced the man he was telling the truth. He promised to help them.

It was bad for Hanjoerg in every way. He could not speak Russian nor the German language. Nor could he remember the name of the village where he was born. All he



could remember was the town, Saratov. His parents had spoken so much about that city he remembered the word.

This man gave them supper, and it was the first time in eleven years that Hanjoerg had sitten at a table to eat. Everything tasted strange, but good.

After the meal, the Russian asked them if they wanted to sell their horses. He told them they did not have any more use for them. He would give them enough money for their boat tickets and food. They sold their horses.

The next day another man took the Tartar and Hanjoerg with a wagon and team to Balacova, (Balakowo, the northernmost city on the map) a city on the Volga.

Hanjoerg's friend had written a letter for him, so he would not have any trouble in the other cities. That letter helped him a lot. Before Hanjoerg left his friend, he got a pass, which permitted him to buy a ticket to Saratov.

Since the Tartar was going south, and Hanjoerg to Saratov, they knew the time had come to say goodbye. It was hard to part, since both had become good friends. Without the other, neither could have achieved his freedom from the Kirghiz. They also knew that they would not see each other again.

They embraced and kissed each other goodbye. Hanjoerg was on his own — in a world so completely strange that he could not understand even a spoken word.

He got on a boat at Balacova (Balakowo) and he was on his way to Saratov. The people were all nice to him. When they spoke to him, he showed them the letter. The food was good, and he was joyous that he was actually realizing his dream of going home.

In a few days he reached Saratov. There he was directed to the courthouse where he showed his letter and pass. They asked him many questions about his family. But the poor young man could not understand a word they said.

He waited in Saratov while the government officials sent letters to the German villages asking about Hanjoerg. Till they had an answer to these questions he stayed with a very nice man.

One of these letters reached Marienthal. His parents received the message. Everyone in the village knew each other, and were familiar with the story of the long-lost Hanjoerg. There was great excitement. Everyone hoped this was their boy.

Joseph Linenberger and his wife readied for the trip almost as soon as they had read the letter. They were very excited. One can imagine what was in their minds. Their many prayers for his safe return might be answered now.

They drove from Marienthal to Saratov with horse and buggy. This was approximately fifty miles.

When they arrived in Saratov they went at once to the courthouse. They were asked many questions. None of their answers satisfied the officials.

The mother remembered that the boy had a birthmark on his shoulder the size of a silver ruble. They brought the young man to see them.

Hanjoerg was very tall and handsome. They could not tell if he was their boy until they looked for the birthmark. Only then would they be sure.

An attendant took off his shirt. The birthmark was there. His mother kissed him and welcomed him home. Their happiness was hard to describe. Much was being said, but Hanjoerg understood not a word. He smiled and his tears mingled with his mother's. All three were crying when they left the court house.

They left for Marienthal where they knew all the relatives and friends were anxiously waiting to see their son. When they got there, the house was full of people who wished

them well. There was a celebration. Everyone was happy that Hanjoerg was back.

It was a tired and grateful family that went to bed that night. Again it occurred to Hanjoerg that from this night forward he would sleep in a bed.

The following months were difficult for Hanjoerg, his mother and father. They could not talk to one another. The questions they wanted answered were so many. As time went by Hanjoerg could understand more of the German tongue. After a few years he could speak as well as the others.

Hanjoerg was content to stay with his parents. He was not interested in girls. His mother got sick. She urged him to find a good wife before she died. She passed away the same year.

However, several years passed before he found the right girl.

Another celebration took place in the village. It was the wedding of Hanjoerg Linenberger to Margaret Fisher. His wife was the daughter of a farmer. God blessed them with five children, three girls and two boys. I find it is a place here to tell you that I am the son of Hanjoerg's oldest son, Melchior Linenberger.

When you read this story, you may wonder why I know everything about their lives. Well, Hanjoerg, my grandfather, told this story to his son, my father, and he told it to me. I am very grateful to him, because it gives many of us the opportunity to look back and think about our grandparents.

My next chapter will be a story of a boy who too was kidnapped by the Kirghiz.

CHAPTER IX

THE STORY OF MIKE (Der Kirghize Michael)

The day of the raid on Marienthal, August 15, 1776, another boy was kidnapped. His name was Mike, and he was fifteen years of age. What Mike's last name was I never learned.

After Mike had spent several weeks in the strange country of the Kirghiz, he tried to escape and go back to Marienthal. But he did not succeed. He was captured and sent further into the Kirghiz country.

He had two very good reasons why he wanted to go home: His parents, and a girl named Anne-Maria Ortman. He called her Amy. Even at this early age they had promised to marry each other when they were more mature. Amy was about the same age as Mike.

Mike was an impatient young man. He tried to escape many times, but he was always caught and sold again to another man still farther from the villages. It seemed he was not lucky to find a master that he liked.

His time, like Hanjoerg's, was spent in watching sheep and cattle all day. He found the time lonesome and frustrating. Many times during the next five years he was sold from one master to another.

One day, not long after he had changed masters, he was out watching his sheep. He went on a hill to look around. He saw a man watching another herd of sheep. They did not speak to each other that time.

It was one Sunday when Mike went out to the fields and saw that the shepherd was kneeling on the ground and praying. Mike heard him saying something in Latin. He was very curious.

They talked to each other for a while. When the

shepherd started playing a German melody on the flute, Mike had the courage to ask him of Father Johannes, who had been their parish priest in Marienthal, and who too had disappeared on that memorable August 15, 1776.

Mike told him he reminded him of Father Johannes, although in his ragged shepherd's clothes he could not be sure. Then the man assured him that he *was* Father Johannes and none other.

That day was too short to go over the many years they had been away from Marienthal. From then on they saw each other often, and exchanged their thoughts.

Mike, like Hanjoerg, talked of escape, and of plans to get back to Marienthal and his fiancée, Amy. Father Johannes, many years older was not as anxious to run away and get caught again.

The weeks went by faster with a new friend to talk to, but he kept watch for the right opportunity to get away.

His master's daughter was getting married the following week, so he knew there would be great feasting and much drinking. Perhaps this would give him a chance.

On the morning of the wedding, he went to watch his sheep as always. When evening came he went back to the tents, where the young bride was waiting for him to show him her new husband.

Mike went with her to the master's tent where he could see everybody drunk. In fact they were so drunk they could not stand up.

"This is my chance to get away" thought Mike as he left the big tent.

The bride followed him. She said, "I have two good horses. Take them and go home. No one will look for you tonight. They are too drunk with wine."

Mike did not need urging. While he saddled the horse, and tied the other one to it, the bride readied food, which he took with him. He thanked her.

He rode all night. By daybreak he was very tired.

He found a quiet spot where he could rest and let the horses eat.

In a short while he heard horses and he knew he had been followed. He quickly got on his horse and rode as fast as he could. They followed a short distance, then gave up.

After that Mike was very careful. He rode many days but did not see anyone. When he reached the Ural River he knew he was safe.

While crossing the river he looked back and thought of the five years he spent in the Kirghiz country with its strange people. When he reached the opposite shore he saw two Kirghiz riders who must have been following him. They did not try to capture him. He never learned who they were.

He soon reached a Russian Village. When he told his story, they did not seem surprised. People were willing to help him. He had a good meal there and stayed overnight.

The next morning he sold one of the horses and took food with him. He rode in the direction of Marienthal. He passed many Russian villages in the next few days, and at all these places he found good food and kind people. They kept directing him to Marienthal.

His mind was full of thoughts of home, and of Amy. In the five years he had changed, and matured in many ways. Perhaps she had changed too. She might even be married.

Mike came to the place where he remembered staying over night with the Kirghiz. Now he knew he was not too many hours from home. He began to feel happy. He ate a little and fell asleep. He did not wake until the sun was up.

If he had known what was going on at this very minute at Marienthal he would not have slept at all. There the people were preparing for Amy's wedding.

She was not happy to get married. She too had been thinking of him for five years. The years of waiting had been long, but she had not given up hope until now.

Her wedding day was set for August 15, just five years from the day that Mike had been taken away.

Amy had told her fiance, Henry Peters, that before she would marry anyone she would wait five years for Mike. But young Henry, who loved Amy too, had gotten a promise of marriage. The date of the wedding was August 15, 1781. The chance of Mike coming home the next twenty-four hours was slim, and after the wedding ceremony Amy would be his.

But leave it to God, the power of prayer, and the perseverance of a woman. Amy did not stop praying even to the eve of her wedding. She still hoped for a miracle.

This was the 14th day of August, and she let everyone work for her wedding. She spent her time in church on her knees praying that Mike would show up. When the church doors were locked for the night, she went home.

About this time Mike reached Marienthal. Many things had changed here too. A man in the streets asked him many questions. Mike did not mind, for he had many questions to ask too.

One was: "What is going on in the village?"

The answer he got was: "Amy Ortman is marrying Henry Peters."

To this Mike had nothing to say. He hurried down the street to the house where Amy lived. At the door of her home he became embarrassed and a little afraid, for it had been a long time. He asked a young lad to go in to tell Amy someone wanted to talk to her.

Shortly Amy came to see what the stranger wanted from her. She did not recognize him at once. After a little conversation, she knew who he was. She was very happy, and could not believe her good fortune. Then she realized her many prayers had been answered: Mike had been sent to her in time.

Now Henry Peters kept his promise too. Right then and there he gave her a chance to make a choice to marry him or Mike.

After much, much talking, Mike knew that Amy would marry him instead of Henry Peters. One can imagine a very unhappy young man going home to brood over his loss.

Mike asked about his parents, and Amy told him they both had died a few years before. He had no home now. Amy's parents gave him a home until he could afford to build one for himself.

The whole village was talking about Amy. They could not understand why she gave up Henry Peters to take Mike who had nothing. Amy seemed happy just to have Mike, even if he did not have money.

As the weeks passed, Mike and Amy realized that they were meant for each other. They hoped to set a date for their wedding soon.

Her mother was against Mike too. She wanted her daughter to marry well. After much pleading and many tears she finally gave her consent for their marriage.

Mike and Amy set the day three weeks hence. Again the people worked for her wedding. The whole village was invited. There was much feasting. Everyone was happy, except young Peters.

Mike was making many friends again. He had much to tell the people about the Kirghiz country. Everyone was interested. From then on he was known as just "Kirghiz Mike," der Kirghize Michael.

One year passed and Amy gave birth to a daughter, which made them very happy. The happiness of Amy and Mike was marred only by the death of Amy's mother four weeks later.

Life for Amy and Mike passed quickly as life will, and they had more children. Mike did well as a farmer too, and they did not want.

I will say here, and you should always remember: "Don't marry him for his good looks nor for his money. Marry him only for one reason: love."

HELEN LINENBERGER HALL is

daughter of Herman Linenberger and Mary Weigel. Born November 11, 1912 at Victoria, Kansas, she married April 3, 1937 Edwin B. Hall of Seward, Kansas. Mother of Patrick and Michael Hall she lives with them and her husband on a ranch west of Hutchinson, Kansas.

She is a graduate of the Girls Catholic High School, Hays, class of 1931; and St. Rose Hospital, Great Bend, class of 1936.

A Charter Member of the Kansas Genealogical Society, she is presently its vice-president. A member of the Kansas Authors Club and the National Genealogical Society she contributes articles of historical nature to these clubs. Active in church work she is a Deanery and Diocesan officer of the National Council of Catholic Women and the National Council of Catholic Nurses.

Author of the following:

"GRANDFATHER'S STORY" **

"HALL GENEALOGY"

"DANLER GENEALOGY"

"GOETZ GENEALOGY"

"THESE ARE OUR RELIGIOUS, A GENEALOGY"

** "Grandfather's Story" was first published with "LINENBERGER GENEALOGY" by Amy Toepfer and Agnes C. Dreiling.

